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ELLEN RESCUED FROM THE POOL BY ARCHIE.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL;

OR, THE POWER OF THE ALPHABET.

CHAPTER II.

Poor old Archie Gordon was at this time seized with an illness which in a few days proved fatal, No. 308, 1857.

and his aged widow and young grandson looked forward with grief and anxiety to the probability of being turned out of their humble home.

"But I'll see Sandy Murchison, and ask if I may na' be shepherd in my puir grandfather's

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place," said Archie, with a swelling heart; and accordingly he walked six miles over moor and mountain to find the bailiff, and proffer his suit; but the way seemed doubled on his return, as he came back weary and dispirited with the coarse refusal with which his request was met.

"The Lord's will be done!" said the old woman, weeping.

"Well, granny, then we maun try the plains," said the boy, as cheerfully as he could; and another week saw the hopeful lad and his poor old companion located in a lowland town. The good woman had always kept Mr. Baird's parting gift as a sacred store, for the use of her grandson when he should most need it; and, thinking that time was now come, she did not scruple to appropriate part in paying for their subsistence, until one or both should obtain employment.

Archie made use of his new acquirement of writing to acquaint his kind friend, Jamie Muir, of their situation, and to ask his advice. A very short time brought an answer. He begged they would come on to Glasgow, where he felt sure he could obtain work for Archie, and would help to make his granny happy; and, in compliance with this friendly request, the former was soon placed as an errand boy with a respectable shop-keeper.

"But I dinna like it, Jamie," he complained to his friend; "I feel stifled and cramped in this hot smoky town; I maun hae country air and country habits, or I shall pine like a caged birdie."

"Aweel, Archie," was the reply; "our northern proverb says, 'A wilfu' man maun hae his way, and it's much the same with a boy; so, as you will not stay happily where I wish you, I must try and help you to go where you wish yourself.' Pure, disinterested friendship! why is thy precious balm so seldom poured into the sinking heart?"

Again the widow and her youthful relative set forth on their travels, and, furnished with a letter of introduction from Jamie Muir's uncle to the head gardener of the Duke of A—, they found themselves, on the fourth day of their journey, at the entrance to the magnificent domain of —. Here, Nature and Art had combined to render this spot the boast of Scotland. Bold and craggy rocks guarded the pellucid waters of a little bay, which spread before the windows of the distant castle. Within this haven a small vessel might safely ride at anchor, whilst beyond its limits the mighty ocean often chafed, and foamed, and tossed its billows to the sky, "in beauty terrible and wild." Swelling hills and verdant slopes, stately trees and graceful shrubs, gay-hued flowers and odorous plants, mingled in rich profusion, and, with the terraced walks, adorned with rare statues and sparkling fountains throwing their bright jewel drops into the air, produced a scene unequalled, or at least unsurpassed.

In this delightful spot our simple shepherd boy soon luxuriated, for the letter from Peter Muir, to his old friend Mr. Donaldson, had procured for his nephew's protégé an immediate situation as an assistant in the gardens, where his industry, added to his willing, cheerful temper, soon made him a favourite with his employer and his subordinates. His grandmother had a small

cottage assigned her, about half a mile from the castle grounds, where, by the proceeds of her knitting, she thriftily added some trifle to their weekly store, and made a happy home for her "bairn" when he returned from his daily task.

Archie was now nearly sixteen, and the fond old woman might be pardoned the elation with which she regarded his tall athletic form and fine intelligent countenance. "My Archie," she would say to herself, "is mair like the son of a duke than a pair bodie, and mony's the leddy that would be glad and proud to hae sic an ane for her son."

The old castle, which had been the residence of a long line of chieftains, offered neither the appearance nor the accommodation required by the more refined taste and large retinue of their present descendant; and at the last visit of the duke, which took place some months previous, he had intimated his intention of either rebuilding or enlarging the ancient home of his ancestors. The opinion of an eminent English architect was to decide which should be its fate; and when it was known that Mr. Morton had arrived, there was great excitement amongst the establishment, and the old country folks round, to know his decision. The correct taste and judgment of the architect at once decided on retaining the existing structure, but adding considerably to its extent, in strict conformity with its architectural style and elevation.

Mr. Morton was accompanied by his wife and daughter, the latter an interesting child of nine years old, who immediately ran riot in the beautiful and extensive grounds of the castle, as she had been accustomed to do in the garden of her father's suburban villa at Hampstead. On the second day of their sojourn, Mr. Morton and his wife strolled about the old building, now pausing for him to point out his projected alterations, now turning to observe what view his new apartments would command. Little Ellen tripped on gaily before them; sometimes hiding behind a statue, to rush out in playful merriment as they passed its shade, and sometimes seating herself on the grass, to arrange the flowers she had plucked in careless profusion.

"Ye maunna do that again, miss," said a voice, as she was thus employed. "Maister Donaldson will gang distraught if ye pu' the bonnie flowers."

The child looked up astonished, and fixed her large lustrous dark eyes upon the speaker. It was Archie Campbell who stood before her. He had pulled off his cap, in instinctive respect to the daughter of "the great English architect;" and, with his auburn hair waving over his high white forehead, and his clear blue eyes steadily meeting the gaze of the indignant little lady, he presented as fair a specimen of manly northern beauty as the petted child was of that of the south.

"I don't know what you mean, big boy," said Ellen, to whom the Scotch accent was quite unfamiliar.

"Ye maunna pick thae posies," repeated Archie, pointing to the scattered flowers.

"I shall ask my papa if I mayn't," said Ellen, jumping up, with her cheeks glowing like the discarded roses; "you are a rude boy, and I'll tell

him so." And off she ran, to the great discomfiture of the young gardener.

Ellen's recital of the fancied insult she had received did not produce the effect which she expected. Mr. Morton told her gently, that the gardener's boy was quite right in obeying and repeating his master's orders. "And so, Ellen, let us go together to Mr. Donaldson, and ask his leave for you to gather a few flowers now and then; but you must not be wasteful: remember, we are not at home."

The child burst into tears. "I can't bear that nasty boy," she sobbed: "for you were never so cross before, papa, to me."

"Cross! my love; nay, nay, you know me better; mamma and I are only too indulgent to you."

"Come, Ellen, do not be naughty as well as silly," said her mother, who spoilt her less than her father did: "we will go at once to Mr. Donaldson, and it will all be right if you have his permission."

Ellen somewhat sullenly submitted; and, her father stating the cause of their visit, Mr. Donaldson readily accorded the desired permission, but added, he hoped Miss Morton would not be vexed at his young assistant for telling her what were the rules of the place. "He is a very excellent lad, sir," he said, addressing Mr. Morton, "and a 'cute one too; he has taught himself almost all he knows, and that's not a little for one of his age."

As they came back towards the castle, Archie crossed their path, and touched his cap respectfully. Ellen pouted, and called after him, "Don't come here, you rude boy; Mr. Donaldson says I may pluck as many flowers as I like."

The lad half smiled at the little creature's unreasonable anger, and passed on to his work. But somehow he did not feel so light of heart that night as he was wont to do. The unpleasant incident haunted him when he sat down, as usual, to his reading after tea. For several succeeding days he watched for the pretty wayward child, whose favour he regretted to have lost, and whom he would fain have propitiated; but she always darted away when she saw him approaching, shaking her little fist, and crying out, "Don't come near me, rude big boy; I don't like you;" so that he at length gave up the hope of speaking to her, and resumed his duties of planting and weeding, undisturbed by the presence of "thae fine London folk."

At the end of a week, their departure was announced for the next day, and Mr. Donaldson desired that a large basket of fruit and flowers might be cut and packed, ready for them to take with them. Archie helped to procure and arrange them, and could not forbear heaving a sigh that the interesting little stranger should leave him with so unkind a feeling.

"I should hae liked a glick fra her bonny een, an' a smile fra her," he said; "but awel, awel, it's a' ane;" and he walked off, to cut some large fern leaves, to cover over the fragrant and luscious contents of the basket. These grew amongst the rocky borders of a small stream, which, flowing in sinuous windings through a portion of the grounds devoted to the cultivation of wild flowers and plants, had been widened in one part into a circu-

lar pond, upon whose glassy surface floated the pure white flowers of the water lily. Their beauty was too fragile and too brief to be plucked for travelling to the distant south; and Archie was turning from the spot, laden with the tall waving feathers of the fern, when he heard a slight rustle amongst the adjacent branches, and, pausing to observe if it were a swan returning to her nest, he saw the bright face of Ellen bending over the water and gazing on the lilies.

He drew back cautiously, lest he should again offend her, but kept his eye upon her movements. She stooped forward, then knelt down, held by one hand to a willow branch, and, stretching out the other, tried to pluck one of the beauteous floating flowers. She got it within her grasp, but its fibrous stem resisted her tiny strength; again she pulled, but at this instant the willow branch slipped from its parent stock, and Ellen, thus suddenly deprived of her hold, fell headforemost into the stream, uttering a piercing shriek as it closed over her slight form. In another moment there was a second plunge heard in the pool, and Archie Campbell, with desperate strength, caught the sinking child in his arms, and mounted with her on to the sedgy bank, from which she had so lately fallen. The dark eyes were closed, the long hair hung dank and dripping over the pale cheeks, and sensation was suspended, for fright had driven for awhile the blithe young spirit from its fair abode.

Without a moment's pause, as soon as his feet touched the bank, Archie rushed towards the castle, with his light burthen in his arms, the water pouring from his own apparel as well as that of Ellen. Just before reaching the entrance, Mr. Morton came hastily forth, and was proceeding down the broad gravel-walk in front, calling out, "Ellen, Ellen! where are you?" when his eye fell upon the young gardener, with the wet and apparently lifeless form of his child folded in his arms.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed in terror, as he darted forward.

"Dinna stop me!" cried Archie; "let the bonnie lassie be stripped o' her claithes, an' put in a gude warm bed; she has fa'en in the big pool;" and he pushed past the terrified father, and entered the hall, calling loudly for a female servant.

Mrs. Morton was almost instantly on the spot; her maternal instinct divined that the unusual commotion concerned her child; and when she saw her, pale and motionless, her agony almost overcame her senses. With a brief murmured prayer, she rallied her self-possession, and gave some necessary orders. Preceding Archie upstairs, who could not be persuaded to give up his charge, she begged him to retire until Ellen was undressed.

"Go and change your own wet clothes, my brave boy," cried Mr. Morton, shaking his rough hand; "we must not let you suffer for your noble act."

"Deed, sir, I shanna hurt," replied Archie. "Please let me bide a wee. I maun ken if the little leddie's sperit is come back."

Ellen had been too short a time in the water for much mischief to arise. It was the sudden fright which had caused her insensibility; so that con-

stant friction and warmth soon restored vitality to her frame. The bright colour returned to the rounded cheek, the lips again were rosy, the eyes once more unclosed, and their first look rested on her mother.

"Where am I?" she asked, half wildly, raising herself. "Oh! dear, dear mamma, I am so glad you are here. I fell into the pool, trying to pluck some of those pretty lilies, and I don't know how I got out again."

"The 'big, rude boy,' as you used to call him, jumped in and pulled you out, my darling. May God bless him for it!" and a warm tear fell on the precious face beneath her gaze.

"Did he indeed, mamma? Then I shall never call him that ugly name again. He must be a kind boy instead, and I shall love him, and tell him so."

"You shall thank him by-and-by, Ellen," said her father, "when you have recovered from your fright. Now lie still, my dearest, and try to sleep. We shall not now leave the castle until to-morrow."

He stooped over his rescued child, imprinted a warm caress upon her cheek, and left the room, to dissipate the anxiety of her preserver. Archie then went home, where, after exciting his grandmother's interest by the recital of the morning's adventure, he quieted her fears for his personal safety by exchanging his wet clothes for his Sunday suit.

"I shall gang awa' to the castle afore gloaming, and speer how the bonnie little leddie fares," he said, as they sat down to their humble dinner; "an' she shall hae the pretty lilies she tried to pu'," was the thought which concluded his speech, although it did not pass his lips.

Before the meal had long been ended, he was rendered quite happy by Mr. Morton coming to the cottage and asking him to walk back to the castle to see Ellen, who was now quite recovered from the effects of her accident, and wished to thank him for his timely assistance.

"My little girl is very impetuous, and has been rather spoilt," said Mr. Morton, as they proceeded on their walk; "so you must forgive her having before spoken unkindly. She is very anxious now to beg your pardon and to make amends."

Archie quite blushed at the idea of such an indignity being exacted from "the little leddie," and begged nothing of the sort might occur. Then, as they drew near the castle, he asked leave to go round by another path, and he would rejoin Mr. Morton at the entrance.

The latter waited patiently for his re-appearance, and when he saw him approach with a *bouquet*, formed of the pure white water-lilies, the delicacy and poetry of the offering struck equally upon his heart and his fancy. "How kind and thoughtful of you, Archie! Ellen will be more than ever obliged to you." And again the hard hand of the rustic was pressed by the soft palm of the gentleman.

Ellen was seated on a couch by her mother's side, and, as soon as they entered, she sprang up, and, darting across the room, seized Archie's hand and grasped it, saying eagerly, "Thank you, thank you, good, kind boy, for pulling me out of that deep cold water. I should have been drowned if

it had not been for you, and never, never have seen my dear papa and mamma again. Please forgive me for ever having called you hard names." And the tears stood in the bright dark eyes of the little penitent.

"Hoot, hoot, miss!" cried Archie, stammering, and blushing to the very brow, "say naething about thae words, but please tak' these bonnie flowers; I hae pulled them for you, as ye could na pu' them yersel'. Ye looked like ane o' them when ye were sae white and sae still;" and, with an awkward bow, he presented his floral offering.

Ellen thanked him rapturously, and added: "I shall always think of you, Archie, whenever I see a lily; and I shall send you a keepsake from London, that you may not forget me."

Mrs. Morton then joined her thanks and praises to those of her daughter and husband, until Archie felt nearly overwhelmed, and was fain to take leave to hide his confusion.

The next morning he would not intrude himself into the presence of the travellers, who commenced their journey at an early hour; but he watched their departure with a strange heaviness at his heart, and only felt a brief throb of pleasure when Ellen's light form sprung into the carriage, and he noticed that she carried in her hand the bunch of water-lilies.

The carriage-door was shut, the servant mounted into the dickey, the postilion cracked his whip, and the horses, setting off at a brisk trot, soon carried the vehicle and its occupants out of sight; and so ended Archie's first introduction to "the great English architect" and his family.

LONDON A CENTURY AGO.

WE have been musing for the last hour or more over an old map of London, published somewhat more than a hundred years back, and representing its boundaries and extent at that period. At that time a traveller entering London from the west might have to pass "Tyburn Tree," which, according to the information of the map, stood at the junction of Edgeware Road with what is now nearly the western termination of Oxford Street; and he would leave at his right hand a field, railed off, not far south of the gallows, which is marked on the map as "the place where soldiers are shot." But Oxford Street did not then extend to anything like the distance it does now in that direction. In a straggling sort of way it reached almost to Hyde Park Corner, but no farther, and there were not many houses, save such as stood alone or in isolated groups, to be met with on the northern side of Oxford Street, until you arrived eastward as far as St. Giles's. Marylebone was then a scattered rural village, with cottages, gardens, and green lanes; Tottenham Court was a retired country seat, away from the trouble and turmoil of the city, and calm and quiet amidst its embowering foliage. Lamb's Conduit Fields were renowned as a privileged preserve and sporting ground, rather reedy and fenny, not much frequented, on account of the squashy nature of the soil, save by adventurous snipe shooters, and gentlemen who for the satisfaction of their honour foolishly shot one another in the solitude behind

Montague House. The district north of Holborn was then the fashionable neighbourhood—not exactly the Belgravia of the day, for that may have lain nearer “The Mall,” but something approaching to it. The Foundling Hospital stood in the fields. Battle Bridge and Pancras lay remote, and unconnected with London or each other. Islington was a distant village within the limits of a pleasant holiday excursion; and there was but little building in that direction beyond Old Street. On the east, north of Whitechapel, Brick Lane almost bounded the metropolis. Spitalfields, though in part densely colonised, might still lay claim to its right to a rural designation. Along the northern bank of the river, eastward of London Bridge, lay Wapping and Shadwell, then, as now, the marine and muddy hives of the sailor classes, and then, far more than now, the lairs of the harpies who prey upon them. Lambeth, nearly over its entire surface, was an undrained marsh, but sparsely built on, with one or two miry roads, and a footpath more or less traversable, leading away to pleasant St. George’s Fields. The Borough, the district of Tooley Street, and what is now Bermondsey, were crammed with a population even denser than it is now. Rotherhithe was a sort of sailor’s Arcadia—a kind of Dutch town, consisting of low-roofed houses, fashioned in great part of timber, on the sailor model, gardens, trees, and canals, or rather ditches, running into the Thames. Mile End was a far-away village; Stepney, its neighbour, was another; Hackney and Bow came under the same category; and Kingsland was only beginning to be. The only bridges over the Thames were London Bridge and Westminster Bridge, and the latter had but just opened for traffic. The number of the population was estimated at six hundred thousand.

The contrast presented by the above picture, in comparison with that of London in the present day, with its circumference of thirty miles, its absorption of all the surrounding villages, and its two millions and a half of inhabitants, is sufficiently suggestive; but there is another contrast which underlies the changed physical aspect of the Great Babylon—one much more suggestive and more instructive to contemplate; and that is the change of social customs, manners, morals, and habits, which the march of progress has effected during the last century. We shall best understand and appreciate the value of these changes by a glance at some of the social usages prevalent among our forefathers; such a glance, therefore, we propose to take in this and a future paper. We might fill a volume on the subject, and a very readable volume it would make; but at present we have no such design upon the reader’s patience, and shall be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow us to be.

A century ago, the second George was approaching the end of his life and reign. War had broken out between Great Britain and a continental power, and was being carried on in a most reckless and savage spirit. To fight his Majesty’s battles by sea and land, men were wanted. Instead of an appeal to patriotism, the government appealed to press-gangs and crimps, to steal men from their homes and families, and drag them into the ranks of slaughter. The crimp was a

cunning agent, who trepanned men into the army under false pleas and promises: the press-gangs were licensed bands of armed ruffians, who boldly snatched them from hearth and home, and carried them into slavery. In the Thames below London Bridge there lay an old man-of-war, known as the “Tender:” this was the receiving ship, the veritable marine-store of government, where the stolen bodies of his Majesty’s subjects were consigned, bruised and bleeding from the sudden fray in which they had vainly fought for their liberty, to be patched up for his Majesty’s service. Thousands of men were thus annually stolen from all that rendered life a blessing, and carried off to perish in insane wars. Numbers were murdered by the licensed ruffians in resisting the minions of tyranny, and sometimes the press-gang itself was decimated and defeated by the enraged populace. This was the case more than once in Spitalfields, where the Cutters, a class of freebooters who levied blackmail upon all the looms employed, set their faces against the press-gang, and defeated them in so many bloody fights that the gangs shrunk from encountering them, and Spitalfields became a refuge and a sanctuary for hunted seamen. The Cutters, however, who were a lawless set, and the terror of the master weavers, were defeated in their turn by the soldiery, who were brought against them, and the sanctuary was no longer available. A curious feature of the time was the existence of unlicensed or amateur press-gangs—bands of persons not commissioned by any one, who took up the trade as a means of gain, carrying it on at their own charges, and subsisting by the head-money or bounty paid without question upon the captures they made. Such was then the system of recruiting in London.

The prisons of London presented a still more revolting spectacle. Newgate, at that era, was the nucleus and focus of crime, villany, and barbarism, which at the present moment we have hardly the means of conceiving, and the bare narration of which appals the imagination. That huge granite carcass was one concentration of stagnant filth, famine, and pestilence. For a long time, no means were taken to purify the dungeons and cells, in which the miserable prisoners died weekly by dozens and scores; when dead, they were carted off without ceremony, and shot indiscriminately, like rubbish, into huge pits dug for them in Christchurch Yard. But in the year 1750, there broke out among these wretched victims the horrible jail fever—a species of deadly typhus, happily now extinct: when the sessions came on, the infected prisoners carried the disease with them into court, and in the space of a few days—according to some accounts, a few hours—it slew two of the judges, the lord mayor of the city, nearly the whole of the aldermen in attendance, and a crowd of jurymen and other functionaries, to the number in all of not less than sixty. This roused the authorities, and induced the adoption of some rude means of ventilation. A kind of windmill was erected on the roof of the prison, to pump air into the cells; but this machine was of so little use as hardly to abate the mortality which prevailed.

A greater curse than the foul state of the prison was the fact that its entire management was in

the hands of men who made its horrors and mortal plagues the medium of their own enolument. Whoever was consigned to the Fleet for debt, was consigned to the tender mercies of miscreants, whose first care was to fleece him of whatever money he possessed or had the means of raising. This they accomplished by the terrors of infection and plague—the choice being, the payment of a round sum, or confinement in a small-pox or typhoid atmosphere, from which escape with life was almost hopeless. Whoever was sent to Newgate on a charge of crime, whether innocent or guilty, was in a like predicament; if rich, he could purchase the privilege of fetters of a few ounces weight and a clean dry cell; if poor, he was heavily loaded with irons, and thrust into the fatal dungeon, which was the portal as often to the pit in the churchyard as to the court of judgment. As yet, the friend of the poor prisoner had not come forward to vindicate his claim to humanity; for John Howard was at this time languishing in sickness at his home in Stoke Newington, and had not yet himself suffered those hardships and horrors which were destined to enlist him for life in the prisoners' cause.

The state of crime was in startling harmony with the system of prison despotism and punishment. Then, whole districts of the city were the haunts—one might almost say the fortresses—of reckless and desperate characters, ready for every species of rapine. The bank of the Thames, from the water's edge to Fleet Street, was one such district, and the space between Fleet Street and Holborn was another. Foot-pads ravaged the ways after dark, and did not, in fact, always wait for the cover of darkness. The gentlemen of the period wore swords, and they found it safer to walk by the side of their carriages, where they could use them in their defence, than to ride within; and this kind of body-guard was common when evening had set in. Moreover, the capital and suburbs were infested by such numbers of highwaymen that highway robberies were of almost daily occurrence.

It was with a view of abating these atrocities that, some years before this date, the famous law was passed which rewarded any one whose evidence convicted a robber of a capital crime and brought him to the gallows, with the sum of forty pounds sterling. The remedy proved, if possible, worse than the disorder. At the instigation of this blood-money, as it soon came to be called, a new class of wretches made their appearance, known as thief-takers, who made it their business to worm out the secrets of the predatory classes, and then, by first tempting them to the commission of capital offences, and afterwards betraying them to the law, secured the price of their treachery. These men were the purveyors of the gallows, which now began literally to groan under the weight of their victims. When, at last, the ranks of crime became thinned, and the harvest of blood-money grew less abundant, the thief-takers turned thief-makers: reversing the process of the juvenile reformers of the present day, they sought out idle, vagabond, or neglected and orphan lads, trained them as rapidly as they could to crime, entrapped them in a capital offence, and, handing them over to the gallows, laughed and grew rich by the

reward of their diabolical ingenuity. The atrocious Jonathan Wild was a master in this species of murder; and though he was hanged at last in his turn, his success led to a host of imitators, who continued to carry on the traffic up to about the middle of the latter half of last century.

We are shocked, and not without reason, at the circumstances of an execution in the present day; but look for a moment at the spectacle presented by the same event a century back. Then, on the morning of an execution, the prison of Newgate assumed the aspect of a crowded tavern at fair time. Oaths and imprecations resounded in all quarters; the tapsters ran hither and thither among the friends and relations of the sufferers, who thought it their bounden duty to cheer by feasting and intoxication the victims of the law on their road to death. The condemned were urged to drink madly, and were constantly heard to mock with daring ribaldry the fate they had incurred, and that in presence of the ordinary and the hangman, each busy and perplexed in the despatch of his function. Though the convicts, according to the report of an eye-witness of the time, were invariably intoxicated before they set forward on the death-march, they were allowed to stop two or three times on the way to Tyburn for further refreshment from strong drink. The procession throughout was one scene of horrible confusion and ghastly fun. Sweeps asserted their privilege of riding the horses which drew the fatal cart, and with their grinning faces and ludicrous antics amused the crowd, which, as may be imagined, consisted of the most depraved and criminal class of London rabble and mob. When the cavalcade approached the gallows, dead cats and dogs were sent hurling among the crowd; bludgeons were flourished; the most appalling yells, shrieks, and outcries arose; and amidst a roar of ineffable riot and discord, the last psalm was sung and the fatal deed performed. The final act of the hangman was to strip the body, and carry off the clothes as his perquisites; after which disgusting ceremony there not unfrequently ensued a battle between the ruffians among the mob, who wanted to steal the body and sell it to the surgeons, and the friends or relatives of the deceased, who wished to afford it the rites of sepulture. Lives were sometimes sacrificed in these desperate frays for the possession of a criminal's body, which, on the other hand, was often left naked under the gallows until the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, in self-defence, caused a hole to be dug for its reception.

One curious fact characteristic of the time is worth notice. We refer to the custom of the chaplain and ordinary of Newgate being himself the author of the last dying speeches, confession, and behaviour of the malefactors whom he prepared for death and accompanied to the scaffold. Looking into an old volume of the proceedings of the Sessions of the Peace about a hundred years ago, we find these last dying speeches and lamentations invariably appended to the report of the judicial proceedings, and avowedly the composition of the chaplain. What strikes us is the uniformity that marks the career of criminals, and which renders the confessions they make almost monotonous. The good man who has to chronicle them evidently feels this himself, and is driven to a

stereotyped formula of comment and reflection; and he invariably winds up his mournful narrative with the words, "This is all the account given by me, —, Ordinary of Newgate." The convicts who came under his pastoral care for the last few days of their lives were numerous beyond all parallel in our time. The major part of them were profoundly ignorant of God, religion, and a future state; many were lads of tender age; and not a few were hanged for stealing trifling sums, and for acts which, considering the circumstances of the perpetrators, society ought to have forgiven: yet the minister of religion had never any misgivings as to the justice of the punishment they underwent. So true is it that men's ideas of humanity, of right and wrong, and of social obligation, too often take their tone from the temper of the times in which they live.

We see now, as we look back upon it, that that time was especially a cruel time. Among the "gentleman class," who wore swords, brawling, fighting, and bloodshed were no rarities. A midnight debauch was apt to end in a fray; weapons were drawn, blood was spilt, and often life was sacrificed. Here an unoffending waiter was run through the body, and there a landlord was spitted in his own house. Such things, at least, are to be gathered from the printed journals of the day. Duelling was common among the upper classes; and pugilistic encounters were still more common, under the most trifling provocations, among the lower. The most cruel sports were the pastimes of the populace. Bear-baiting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, cock-shying, drew crowds to witness them, and were only excelled in attractiveness by the spectacle of a criminal obnoxious to popular censure who should be doomed to stand in the pillory. On such an occasion the vilest mob gathered round, armed with death-dealing missiles, and pitilessly pelted the life out of their victims, amidst brutal jeers, revilings, and deafening uproar. The pillory was in effect a concession to Lynch law, or rather a transference of the executive function from the legal to the rabble fiat. Happily, even then, the rabble were not all savages; and the mob, cruel as it was, could on occasion exercise a discriminating forbearance, as well as a furious vengeance. Thus, when Defoe stood in the pillory, not a hand was raised against him; but when a notorious king's-evidence man stood in the same straits, he was beaten dead in half an hour.

It is no marvel that, with such things before their eyes, the rising generation grew up cruel, and that the streets of London were disgraced by barbarous spectacles of the tortures inflicted on dumb animals. This grievous state of things cut Hogarth to the quick, and he evoked all the vigorous energy of his pencil against it. His "Progress of Cruelty" is one of the most irresistible appeals in the cause of humanity that was ever conceived. In the present day it is, comparatively speaking, little wanted, and we turn shudderingly from the harrowing details of those tragic prints, and shut them up in our portfolios. But, when we do so, we should remember the circumstances of the times in which they were produced, and the urgency there was for a lesson so faithful and suggestive, revolting as it is in our

eyes. There is no doubt that these prints, circulated as they were at a low price, operated in giving birth to a more manly and healthy feeling in reference to the treatment of dumb animals; and to the last hour of his life it was a consolation to "the greatest of English artists" that he had dealt so uncompromisingly with the subject.

Here we shall pause for a season, and resume our discursive glance in a subsequent paper. In closing, however, we cannot but express, what we are sure will be the predominating feeling in the bosoms of all our readers, our deep gratitude to God for the blessed change which, through the agency of the brave and excellent men whom he has from time to time raised up, has taken place in our comparatively happy days. We are wont to complain of and lament over the dire evils still extant; but on viewing them in relation to those of former years, we cannot but be sensible of the great progress and improvement which have been made.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

NO. III.

GIBRALTAR AND ITS MILITARY ASSOCIATIONS.

We were now approaching the far-famed "Pillars of Hercules," a hard stiff breeze blowing right a-head. All of us who, for the first time, were visiting this singular spot of the world, where Europe and Africa almost touch each other, were in high spirits. What thrilling events in ancient and modern times crowd on the mind as you near the Straits of Gibraltar! Of old this was the boundary of the known world; all beyond was mystery and fable. The Phœnicians, who built Tyre and Sidon, who were the inventors of letters, who were so famed for their commerce and colonies, and who, it is supposed, were even acquainted with the properties of the mariner's compass, were the first who ventured, with daring keel, to plough these seas. They founded Tangier, which we passed on our right, and perforated caverns at the extremity of Cape Spartel bear traces to this day of this enterprising people. Six hundred years before the Christian era, at the command of Pharaoh-Necho, the Egyptian king who slew Josiah in battle, these bold navigators passed these straits. Having fearlessly braved the swelling billows of the Atlantic, hitherto unexplored, they sailed round Africa twenty centuries before Vasco de Gama was born. Then followed the Carthaginian fleets, visiting Spain, Gaul, and even Britain. After them came the rude barks of the Greeks; then the far-famed Roman galleys; then the piratical craft of the Goths and the Moors. These nations establishing themselves respectively in the surrounding countries, numerous traces of their early adventures are still to be found. All these came from the east, sailing westward; but now the tide is turned, and the Anglo-Saxon, from the little island where the barbarous Britons once sailed about with painted bodies in their boats of wicker-work, covered with hides, is ploughing these seas with his magnificent steam-frigates, and is making these straits Great Britain's highway to her kingdoms in the East. Such is the onward current of events—the irresistible tide of improvement that is set in, bearing us onward

to holier and happier times, like the long, deep, rolling swell of the Atlantic, which was then hurrying us forward to the Straits of Gades. Let not the philanthropist be discouraged. We dare not say, "the former days were better than these." Many and great are our difficulties in seeking the amelioration of our race; but progress is being made, and triumph is sure.

As we neared the Straits, the shore on each side seemed studded with associations. We passed on the African coast, Tangier, famed in our time for the attack of the French under Prince de Joinville. To our right stood Mount Atlas, so lofty that the ancients thought the heavens rested on his head and the earth on his shoulders. Near this is the site of the famous fabled garden of the Hesperides, where the dreaded dragon that never slept guarded the "golden pippins," to seize which was one of the famed labours of Hercules. Traces of this garden may yet be seen in the luxuriant beauty and fruitfulness of Morocco. On the Spanish coast the lofty mountains and undulating hills had a striking effect. Many a solitary watch-tower on the hills reminded one of the scenes of warfare and woe these shores had witnessed; their forlorn and mouldering appearance seemed to intimate that the demon of war had departed, to return, I trust, no more. A strong current of about two miles and a half per hour continually runs in the centre of the Straits, from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. A counter stream to the westward runs along each shore. These currents philosophers have in various ways, and with various success, endeavoured to explain; but our mariners turn the facts to their decided advantage. We kept the centre, and the current helped us steadily on, in spite of the strong breeze that was blowing a-head. We had a fine view of Tarifa, standing nearly on the most southern point of the coast of Spain. It seemed a place of no great moment, yet is it celebrated in the annals both of ancient and modern war. Here the Goths vanquished the Vandals, and the Moors the Goths, and the Spaniards the Moors; many a dark deed, history tells us, has been perpetrated within and around these now frail and tottering walls. In the Peninsular war Tarifa was deemed a place of much importance. The French made desperate efforts to take it; but all failed through the bravery of our British troops, who now bear "Tarifa" on their colours as a reward of their gallant defence of this garrison.

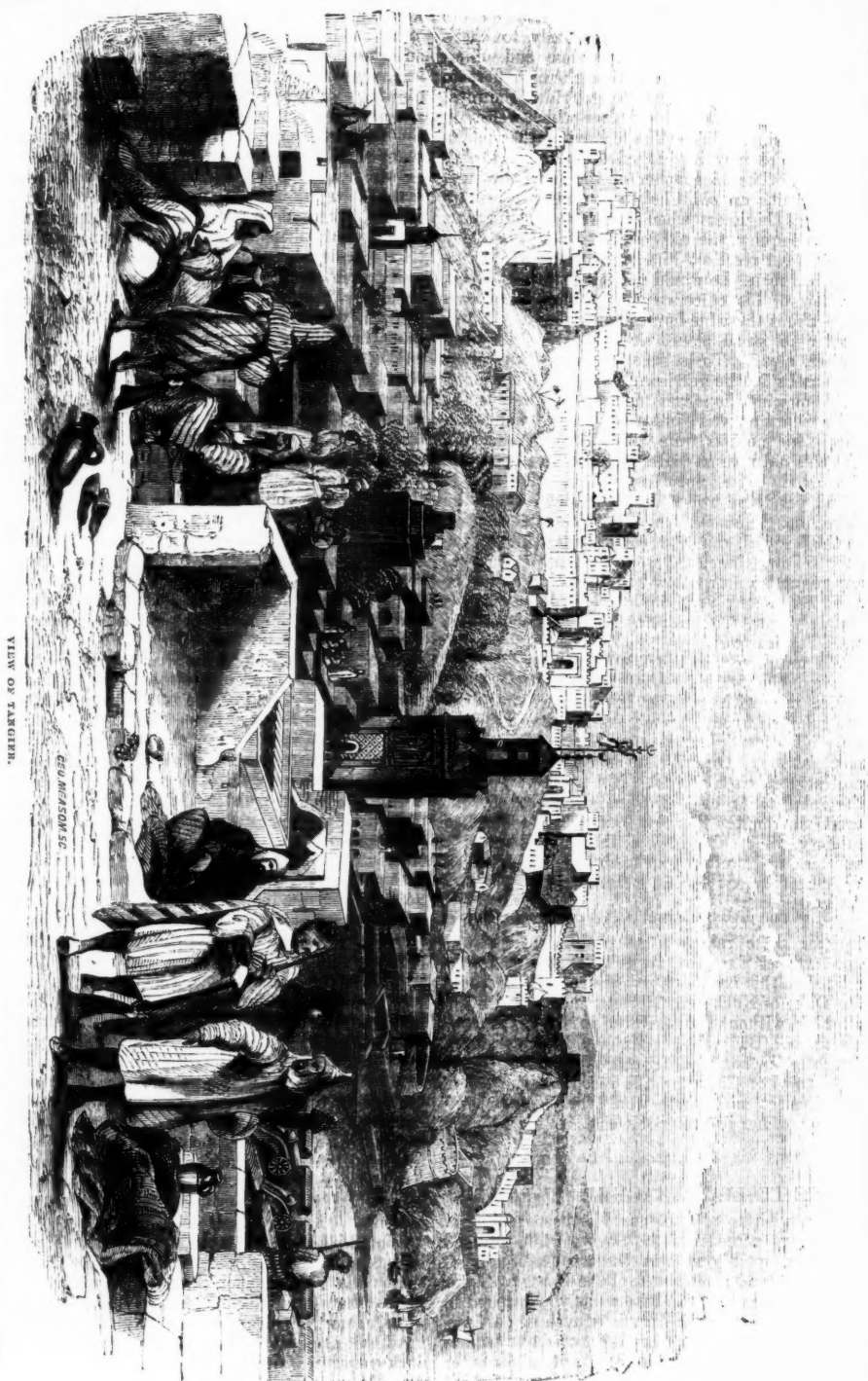
We had now fairly entered the Straits. At the narrowest point they are about seven miles broad, and extend nearly fifteen miles from their entrance to Gibraltar. The scenery throughout is magnificent. Mons Abyla rears its rugged peaks on the African coast; on the opposite shore stands Calpe, the rock of Gibraltar. These two are called "the Pillars of Hercules," because tradition tells us, though now fourteen miles apart, they were once united; but this mighty mythical hero, to open up a communication between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, cleft them asunder by his strong arm, and set them up to mark the boundary of his labours. The separation between these two mountains is not more complete than that which obtains at the present day between the Moors and the Spaniards. Though approaching

territorially so near, they have no friendly intercourse with each other. They hate each other with perfect hatred. Morocco retains her ancient sovereignty, laws, habits, ideas, and pursuits intact, with no admixture from any place or people under the sun. Though so near at hand, and passed by thousands of our countrymen every year, it is, perhaps, less known and less visited than Patagonia or Japan. I gazed on each shore with deep emotion, admiring the romantic beauty of the hills and dales of Spain, and the bold rugged sublimity of the African scenery. At length we rounded the most southern point of Andalusia, and "The Rock," in all its grandeur, burst on our view. With grateful hearts we cast anchor in the magnificent Bay of Gibraltar.

As our steamer had to coal here, we made all haste to land, and examine the wonders of this renowned rock. It is composed of marble and limestone, and is so perforated with caverns that some have derived its ancient name, Calpe, from *Calph*, the Phœnician word for a "carved mountain." The promontory is nearly three miles long, but nowhere is it one mile broad. Its summit is an immense ridge, stretching from north to south, broken into three prominent points, rising from 1100 feet to 1400 feet above the level of the sea. To the east the rock is almost perpendicular; the western side is more sloping, though of difficult ascent. Like a noble lion couchant, it stretches into the Mediterranean, the sleepless sentinel of the deep.

As our party approached the landing-place, in one of those small felucca-rigged craft, so readily furnished for your convenience by the boatmen in the bay, the rock seemed bristling with fortifications, from its summit to its base. To my surprise, the royal standard of England was fluttering in the breeze from the flag-staff near the Old Mole; and we stepped on the quay while the battery was firing a royal salute. Not expecting such honours to be paid to us, we were somewhat surprised, till we remembered it was the birth-day of Prince Albert. Heartily did I relish this burst of loyalty from the noble fortress on this occasion. Not only did it seem a proper mark of respect for so excellent a prince, but it appeared to me like the *amende honorable* for the treatment which the sire of her Majesty, the late Duke of Kent, received when he was Governor of Gibraltar.

Ere the duke's appointment to this office, the garrison had become infamous for drunkenness, and its attendant crimes and misery. Wine-shops abounded at every turn. Soldiers fresh from India, and flush with money, ran into the wildest excesses; and all this was connived at by those in authority on the spot, because the duties levied on these hotbeds of wickedness constituted a great portion of the emoluments of the governor. At length, as the natural result of this hard drinking, insubordination, outrage, and crime became so rife and alarming, that the home government were obliged to interfere. The Duke of Kent was sent out purposely to put down these enormities, with the promise of the fullest measure of support from the Cabinet in so doing—promises, alas! that were never kept. The first thing the duke did on his arrival was to reduce the wine-houses by one half, thus nobly sacrificing a large portion of his limited



VIEW OF TANGIER.

GEORGE WILSON, SC.

allowances, which, in his circumstances, he could ill spare. He set himself rigorously to check drunkenness, and restore discipline and order. Officers and men resisted this righteous effort to promote reformation; and, to get rid of the royal reformer, that mutiny took place which well-nigh cost the duke his life. The feelings of the soldiers to the duke may be judged of by the following incident. The biographer of the duke was conversing with an old Chelsea pensioner respecting his royal highness when governor of Gibraltar. To his inquiry, the old soldier said: "The Duke of Kent! I recollect him right well. He was a very bad man—he would not let us drink. And, sir, few of his officers stood by him—very, very few—about the wine-houses particularly. In this matter he stood alone, sir—almost, if not altogether, alone. To be sure, 'twas surprising how the deaths in the garrison diminished after many of them wine-shops was abolished. Perhaps the duke meant us well; but about parades and wine-shops, his notions were most 'onaccountable.'" Yet this old veteran had a kindly remembrance of the good duke, notwithstanding. He added: "And yet there wor a deal o' kindness about the duke, too. He never forgot the sick soldier; went to the hospital, saw that justice was done to the poor fellows there, and would listen patiently to any request a poor fellow had to make. But, for a soldier—mark you, for a soldier—he wor, he certainly wor, too temperate. That's the truth, and I'll stick to it."

All praise to the illustrious duke for his effort to stem the torrent of intemperance! Yet the prince met with nothing but obloquy, injustice, and grievous wrong, for successfully accomplishing the difficult task imposed on him. The government at home treated him as cruelly as did the mutinous garrison abroad. Not so, however, with the inhabitants of Gibraltar. Delivered by his exertions from the licentious outrages of a drunken soldiery, they subscribed a thousand guineas to purchase and present to the duke a memorial of their attachment to his person and approval of his government.

As I was nearing the shore, right glad was I to hear these ramparts re-echoing with hearty good wishes for the prosperity of one so nearly related to this much-injured prince. Never could the Duke of Kent hear Gibraltar mentioned, in his after life, without the revival of most painful reminiscences. But were her Majesty, his much-loved daughter, on some of her summer marine excursions to visit Gibraltar, the reception our queen would meet with there would be the crowning triumph of her ill-used noble sire.

THE ITALIAN TEACHER OF ROME.

Do you wish to attune your Northern tongue to the silvery accents of the South, while you are lingering, spell-bound, in the wonderful city of the Cæsars and proud home of the Popes? True; you say you have read Tasso while you lounged in your easy chair in the luxurious hush of an English library, where the very light of day was subdued by blind and curtain before it might enter such jealous precincts, and where every footfall

was muffled, lest it should disturb the serene abstractions of sober thought. But to read Tasso, and Dante, and Ariosto in a quiet English home, is a very different thing from conversing with the glowing children of the South in smooth and soft Italian. Do you want to talk to the *custode* of the Palazzo Dorio, or to understand what that eager young priest is saying about the relics in St. John Lateran, or to chat with that wild-eyed little fellow who guides you to the Fountain of Egeria, where light tresses of maiden-hair are bathed in the dripping water, and then waved till they are dry in the whispering breeze? Very well; then take lessons in conversation of Luigi, or of his brilliant sister Francesca. We have learnt in what quarter of Rome they reside: let us hunt them out in their own home.

We thread one narrow street after another—strange haunts, made up of ancient splendour and of modern misery. Why, the very curb-stone is a beautiful Corinthian capital, though the graceful lines of the acanthus are defaced by the soiled feet of Rome's degenerate sons. That French soldier, whose tread is ringing on the pavement, clipped off a bit of purest marble with his iron-shod heel as he passed. Ah! the Gauls are in Rome again. We turn in beneath this dark archway, and find ourselves in a small court, frowned upon by tall gloomy houses. Twilight has got here before us; but it must be artificial and premature, for we left a pleasant Italian sunlight outside in the broader streets, where the women were still holding their fans over their dusky foreheads by way of parasol. Stop! this is a most sinister-looking place. What are those two tall men about, wrapped in the shrouding folds of their wide Roman cloaks, with slouched hats pulled down over their faces? They whisper and mutter ominously, and then one of them gives a low mysterious whistle, which is presently answered by the appearance of a face at a window high up above the dark corner where they stand. This is unpleasant; but we walk on, and enter an arched doorway, trying to look as if our pulse were not quickened a single beat by the suspicious symptoms prevailing around us. Here is a broad stone staircase, which, as in Edinburgh, is common to a whole set of stories or "flats," into which this strange old gloomy palace is evidently now divided. It is dark enough now. What have we here? A huge dog, feigning the soundest sleep, but doubtless maintaining a strict vigil over the interests of that green-baize door against which a card is nailed, whose characters symbolize everything that he recognises as embodying duty, honour, and trust; just as his own particular regiment, with its number and its colours, comprises all in life, to the pet goat of the Welsh Fusiliers, or the brave ram of the Rifles, or the smart little donkey of some of our Dragoon regiments.

We still ascend, the huge guardian allowing us to pass unchallenged, as he could not detect any surreptitious design upon the green-baize door and his master's card affixed thereto. We grope our upward way in silence and in nightlike gloom, until we come to a curtain, stretched across a dark passage, which sweeps and sways with the draught of air. What are we to do now? Ah,

there is a bit of twine hanging out through a hole in the coarse curtain. We pull it at a venture, and a little tinkling bell replies. Presently a step is heard approaching on the other side of the mysterious boundary, and a young woman, meanly, very meanly clad, separates the folds and presents a pale and anxious face to the English stranger. But she is a lady—you see that in a moment—see it by the refinement of her countenance, by the easy grace of her carriage, and the perfect propriety of her address. She invites you to enter a very shabbily furnished apartment, wearing an unmistakeable look of poverty. And yet there are little refinements observable here and there—traces of woman's tasteful hand in the beautiful flowers which are bending over a vase modelled after the antique—traces, too, of man's mind in the books and papers which are carefully arranged on a table in the corner of the room. At this table sits a young man of very remarkable appearance. We will sketch his portrait as he slowly rises to receive us. That is no common countenance; there is a whole history, a life's biography, written there; just as you see an Egyptian obelisk covered with memorial hieroglyphs from summit to base. He is still young; but there is a white hair in the midst of the black, to count for every hour of every day of all the recent years. The forehead is lofty and capacious, but it is deeply ploughed into long furrows by another ploughshare than that of time; and about the brows there is an anxious narrowing, as if suspicion, though not native there, had become an habitual resident, from the promptings of life's cruel experience. The deep-set eye is restless, and looks intolerant of light; while the original beauty and gentleness of the finely-cut mouth are destroyed by the determinate compression of the lips. On the dial-plate of that worn countenance the shadow had already tracked the story of the hours, as if from morn to midnight. His figure is extremely attenuated: there is something remarkable, too, in that useless-looking right hand, which droops so powerlessly by his side. But we will come to that by and by.

Signor Luigi was an advocate in good practice in Rome, when Rome sat still and trembled under the pontificate of the former Pope, Gregory XVI. But Luigi's mind was not made to take its rest in sound sleep; it had its dreams—dreams of freedom of thought, of intellectual activity, of an eager inquiry about where is the dwelling-place of Truth, and what is her manner of life. He managed to obtain books; and while he searched them in the quiet of his own home, he was one day surprised by a visit from the sbirri (or armed police of Rome), and carried off to the Castle of St. Angelo. No warrant was ever shown—no explanation ever given. But there he lay, in a dark and damp dungeon under the bed of the Tiber, month after month, and year succeeding year. So hideously wet was this place of his confinement, that (we grieve to say it) a part of his hand had been destroyed, literally consumed by the damp; and when we saw him, the mutilated limb was wrapped in black silk. At last came a change—but it was only a change of dungeons; he was silently removed to a vast state prison, Civita Castellana, a frowning fortress which we

had lately passed with awe. Nine years had now notched their record upon his wasted frame, while suspense had "eaten as doth a canker" within.

One day he heard a strange tumult—doors unlocking, bolts flying back, bars falling, eager voices thrilling through the thick air of the long silent passages. The heavy key turns in his own iron-bound door, and signs and beckonings, rather than words, tell him to go forth: whither? To freedom!

Gregory XVI had died. We could tell some strange stories about his last hours, but we forbear. The whole college of cardinals hurriedly took their seats in conclave, and voted and intrigued and wrestled for the mastery, as intellectual gladiators wrestle in the trial of tough strength or supple agility. So far no name had been strong enough to command the legal majority of votes. At length, in a lull of the conflict, the idea presented itself to some cautious minds, that a name belonging to neither of the contending factions might be thrown into the urn, simply to gain time, and to act as a straw acts on the surface of a stream, showing which way sets the current. Again the votes are counted by the junior cardinal. "Mastai"—"Mastai"—"Mastai;" faces grow curious, surprised, interested, nay, at last intensely excited, as again and again is announced this most unexpected name. But there is one countenance whose changing expression would have offered a fine study for Lavater. It is at first indifferent, then startled, presently pale with utter astonishment, again flushed with conflicting tides of feeling; and now, the legal majority being pronounced amidst breathless silence, Cardinal Mastai faints away! The face, whose flushing and fading we have just described, is one presenting few features of intellectual power, no lines betokening native strength of will, no token of latent energy ready to spring into action to meet the call of the moment. But the somewhat feeble expression is relieved by the benignant meanings which break forth from eye, mouth, brow, and flood the whole face with gentle kindness. Ah, Pio Nono! thou shouldst never have been a Pope! Thou art not even fit for a Papist! Those strong, stern, narrow, ambitious men around thee, who are hastening to do thee reverence, will never let thy kindly heart beat freely, and that glistening tiara will sorely gall thy forehead! But before they bind his hands behind him with the golden chains of pretended power, and load his fingers with the heavy rings and sharp gems of temporal state and of spiritual presumption, Pius IX lifts up his voice and says, "Open wide the doors of all the state prisons in my realm!"

It was then that our friend Luigi groped his way from the blinding and almost breathless darkness of nine years of dungeon life, out into the blessed light of day and the fresh air of liberty. His was but one case of many; for about nine hundred state prisoners then walked forth to freedom—such precarious freedom as Rome can afford to give—unworthy indeed of the precious name.

But when Luigi returned to his young sisters, Lucia and Francesca, he found that nine years of toil and sorrow had worked as maturing effects on their character as on their personal appearance. Lucia, the elder, was such as we have described

her when she drew aside the dark curtain and presented her care-worn countenance to our view. If the rounded lines of youthful beauty had ever existed, they were gone now, hardened by the stern pressure of want, and yet sharpened by the workings of anxious love. As to the other sister: stop where thou art now standing, thou sparkling Francesca, with that one stray beam of the setting sun glancing through the open window upon thy brilliant face! Now that this startling refulgence is gone, for the sun has set, we will describe Francesca as we saw her ourselves in frequent association. But how comes it that her costume is of so very superior an order to that of her meanly-clad sister? Ah! the reason is a touching one: the two sisters can only manage to provide one suit of attire such as a refined and educated lady may fittingly appear in. That is evidently Francesca's home dress, sordid enough, hanging on that pin in the corner—the coarsest brown baize. But she is the one who earns the greater proportion of the family bread by giving lessons in her own beautiful tongue, in her own soft and silvery accent, to the foreign ladies who tarry in Rome. We used to see her at our hotel, in the graceful garb and with the sparkling manners of a well-bred southern gentlewoman; and we observed that her brother carefully attended her to her home in the evenings if the hour were at all late. The confiding love betwixt them was something beautiful to behold. The refreshment of the constant change of scene and of society, together with the perpetual calls upon her intellectual energies, were doubtless the chief reasons why Francesca's mind preserved such a healthy tone, and her person such really radiant grace, under the heavy pressure of home cares. Luigi did his best, and conducted himself admirably well; but notwithstanding his character and his skill, clients shrank from employing an advocate who was always moving about under the Argus eyes of the pontifical police, and whose poor hand had once cut his name on the dungeon walls of St. Angelo and Civita Castellana. Luigi was a marked man.

Long may thy sparkling spirits, and thy brilliant poetic fancy—for thou art something of an *improvisatrice*—Francesca, long may they be as a clear stream of wealth and health to thy thoughtful brother Luigi and thy shadowy sister Lucia. And may our earnest hope be justified, that that stream runs so clear because it has its hidden source in the one Fountain of life and love.

CAMP FOLLOWERS IN INDIA.

WHEN a Sepoy regiment is under marching orders, a great deal of excitement is generally caused amongst officers and men, with a proportionate degree of bustling preparation. Generally speaking, the native infantry—as indeed most other regiments in India, excepting the queen's troops—are stationed in cantonments for the term of three years; at the expiration of which period they are removed to some other station, situated perhaps several hundred miles away. Comprising so vast an extent of territory, it naturally results that British India possesses every conceivable variety of

climate and scenery, from that which is healthy and beautiful to the most deadly and sterile. Government very properly endeavours to make as fair an arrangement as they can in the distribution of their native troops. Thus, for example, when a regiment has been stationed three years at an unhealthy cantonment, it is generally removed to one that has reputation for its great salubrity; though, in most instances, several hundred miles may intervene between the two stations.

During so long a residence and intercourse with the inhabitants of any given station, however dreary or sickly the sojourn may have proved, there will naturally arise associations of friendship and esteem, the sudden severance of which slightly damp the pleasure with which the order of march would otherwise be hailed. Perhaps there has been only one regiment at the station: in such a case the Europeans have nothing to bewail, unless, indeed, they are about to leave a comfortable and healthy place for one that is the very reverse. Not so, however, the Sepoys and the camp followers, with their families, which may be called legion. The bhisti, or water carrier to the Sepoys, has formed quite an affection for his old friend "Cassin Lall," the betel-nut vender in the cantonment bazars. The prospect of separation is to these two worthies not a pleasant topic of conversation; so that they sit side by side, when the bhisti's labours for the day are ended, and squirt sorrowful streams of tobacco juice into the centre of the street. There is a silent sorrow, only interrupted by the tender of a fresh piece of lime, carefully folded in leaf tobacco; which, in addition to the betel leaf and the betel nut itself, constitutes the Indian's favourite article for chewing.

Every Sepoy in the regiment, moreover, from the subadar major down to the orderly boy, has formed some friendship or attachment in the town—some charm or pleasant associate whom they are loath to leave behind. But military law is a stern law, and so they are obliged, nolens volens, to set to work and make ready for the long march before them. As for Jack Sepoy himself, such portion of his wardrobe as he does not carry upon his back, he manages to pack into his knapsack. Mrs. Sepoy and the little ones are not put to any great inconvenience on this score; a few minutes suffices for their preparations; for, carefully wrapping their wardrobes in a cabbage leaf or two, they are at once ready to start. Certainly by far the most important and valuable portion of their luggage consists in their cooking pots and pans, and, may be, a string or so of dried garlic and red chillies.

But the individual upon whom the order of route falls with the most appalling effect is, undoubtedly, the regimental dhotie, or washerman. A fair stock of clean linen is as indispensable as anything else to an eastern traveller, and the sudden influx of bundles of soiled linen, which must be got up within a limited period, quite bewilders and intimidates the unhappy dhotie. Joyfully he recollects, however, that during the three years' sojourn of the regiment, he has been fortunate enough to cultivate the acquaintance of two or three other resident dhoties, who, it may be, will now, for a consideration, assist him in the

emergency. For the next week he has barely time to eat or speak, being all soapsuds and perspiration from morning till dusk.

Whilst the officers' quarters present a scene of bustle and confusion, the sure result of the order of march, not one whit behind them are the lines of the Sepoys themselves. The subadar and the jemadar, the Naiques, and the Sepoys themselves, have each and every one of them some unnecessary articles to dispose of, which would only prove an incumbrance on the line of march. The native officers sell their chairs and tables (kept for the especial behoof of European officers visiting their houses), and the Sepoys a few pipkins and worn-out garments, which they dispose of at fractional prices to the peasantry, who now swarm around the lines.

Finally the day fixed for the march arrives; the regiment that is to relieve marched in last night, and has quietly taken possession of the quarters, as well as most of the immoveable goods of those who are about to quit. In this respect there is generally a tacit understanding amongst the regiments. The one quitting a cantonment leaves the heavy furniture to its successors, and enters into possession of those bequeathed by the regiment that it relieves.

During the night there has been an incessant braying of donkeys, tinkling of bullock bells, bleating of sheep, crowing and cackling of caged cocks and hens, barking of dogs, bellowing of bulls, and neighing of horses, added to the lullaby songs of native mothers and the squalling of their sleepless progeny. A little after two A.M., that is, just when the encampment is hushed into intense silence, a loud blast upon the bugle rouses the slumberers, and the whole camp wakes up to life and activity. In ten minutes all the tents have been struck; in twenty minutes more the officers and their ladies have partaken of their early coffee; and within the hour and a half the regiment has fallen in and commenced its long and dreary march. We follow in the rear until just such time as daylight may enable us to catch a hasty glimpse of the *tout ensemble*. The morning air is cool and bracing, and the day dawns in unrivalled Eastern glory; larks by myriads shake the dewdrop from their wings and carol sweetly high up in the air. Now and then the distant note of the partridge is heard. Presently the regiment of native infantry makes its appearance. The old colonel, who, with the adjutant, rides on in front, signals to the band, and suddenly that solitude and silence is broken in upon by the inspiring notes of a fine military band performing some martial air.

The Sepoys look dusty enough about the ankles; the officers are mostly mounted and smoking their morning cigars; the rear guard passes, and then comes a string of palanquins, containing the ladies and children, followed by a considerable number of dhoolies, carrying the ayahs and ahmahs, the native female attendants upon the ladies. Next appears a long row of cowrie coolies, carrying, balanced across their shoulders by ropes attached to a piece of stout bamboo, the tin cowrie boxes, containing changes of linen, dishes, plates, jams, jellies, etc., etc. After these follow again the bullock carts, with

the heavier portion of the officers' luggage and furniture. The tents have been sent on ahead, so as to be ready set up against the arrival of the regiment.

Finally, the rear guard closes in with a rabble—a raff of ragamuffins that would require the pencil of a Cruikshank to illustrate. The bhisti, with his two Brahmin bulls, carrying water sacks; the dhobie on a hack pony, with his head only visible above two huge bundles of linen; all the domestic servants of the various officers, some afoot, some on donkeys' backs, some riding their masters' spare chargers, some in hackeries, some in gigs, some carrying baskets of live stock, and some carrying small children pick-a-back; and amongst all this dust and variety of costume, or rather rags, throng an unaccountable number of meagre-looking dogs, who follow the regiment from station to station, unclaimed by any and catering for themselves. Seldom, on a long march, do these unhappy camp followers, in addition to numerous privations, escape that dreadful Indian scourge, the cholera.

Such is a faint picture of the past. All this is now, for the present, changed by the convulsions and disorders of this dreadful mutiny. May that Divine Providence, who has so long watched over and prospered the British rule in India, speedily re-establish it in more than its former power, and free from its admitted faults and imperfections.

FRUIT-BEARING GRASSES.

It is proverbially no easy matter to know what's what; and many people I could mention, who were arrogant enough to think otherwise, incurred the sneers and gibes of posterity, if they were lucky enough to escape contemporary censure. Dr. Johnson, I think, tells us that a "bilberry" is a "whortleberry;" but we, in our times of botanical enlightenment, know how erroneous that statement is. Barnacle geese, I believe, were decreed a sort of fish by a certain Roman Catholic authority; and as for whales and dolphins, welks, lobsters, crabs, and oysters—fish they pass for still in many well-regulated understandings; and fish they will probably be regarded for a long time to come by a great number of people.

Far more generally extended, however, is the belief that wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice—corn or grain, in fact, of whatever variety—have no claim to the denomination "fruit." Popularly, we speak of corn as "seed," for no other reason apparently than its smallness and hardness. Be pleased then, reader, to understand that grains of wheat, barley, and others of the same tribe, are no more seeds than apples are seeds: they are actual fruits; the peculiarity of which is, that the outside portions grow so firmly attached to the seed, that the two cannot be separated, the adhesion being only demonstrable by the art of the botanist. There are other seed-like vegetable things besides corn, to which a false popular notion attaches. For example, we speak popularly of carraway and coriander seed, whereas they are fruits enveloping a seed, as the botanist can readily demonstrate. But perhaps the strangest divergence between popular notions and botanical truth, in

respect of seeds, is furnished by the so-called strawberry "seed"—those little hard things which thickly stud the outside of a strawberry, and which strawberry-eating invalids sometimes avoid by sucking the pulp through a piece of gauze. Those little hard, horny things, I say, are not seeds, but *fruits*! and what we eat as the fruit of a strawberry is, botanically speaking, no fruit at all. If the reader wants to know what it is, let him take a dandelion or marigold flower, and pull off all the petals or coloured floral leaflets which compose the flower, and contemplate the spongy pad which remains. It corresponds with the edible portion of the strawberry: the chief distinction between them being that the spongy mass of the dandelion is flat and tough, whereas the corresponding part of the strawberry is round, red, juicy, and fit to eat.

It would be a fine subject of contemplation—that of the grasses. Were we not committed by the title prefixed to these remarks, to the special subject of grain-bearing grasses, it would have been worth while for the reader to have followed me in his imagination to the different regions where different varieties of grasses are produced: to have compared the puny, thread-like stuff of our fields' green carpets with the sturdy tree-like bamboo, both being grasses. We might have paused to consider in how many ways grass of one or the other variety ministers to the necessities of some animals, and the luxuries of others. Firstly, the little blades of grass peculiar to temperate climates, and which constitute the direct food of grass-eating animals; then, sugar cane, which is also grass, gigantic though it be; and lastly, the grain-bearing grasses, which constitute so important a part of the aliment of man. To the latter alone we will devote our attention at present.

God, in his benevolent providence, has so willed it that the distribution of the grasses over the world should be commensurately wide with their great use to man. Even the grain-bearing grasses possess a much wider range than most other vegetables; and especially to be admired is it, that in the few regions where one particular grain-bearing grass no longer grows, another steps in to fill its place; so that, except the arctic and antarctic regions, or places near them, there are few spots incapable of growing some one of the varieties of corn. In Siberia, the extreme corn-growing limit corresponds with about 60° of northern latitude; Lapland, to 70°: barley, oats, and buck wheat being the cereal grasses which bear this extreme of cold. It is curious that barley, which bears degrees of northern cold not tolerated by wheat, is also less affected than wheat by opposite conditions of temperature. Throughout Morocco, barley is the common food of horses, as indeed it is in Spain; and though both in Morocco and Spain wheat is excellent and abundant, yet it is cultivated upon table-lands or elevated tracts, cool by comparison with the hot low lands; which, however, are prolific in barley.

More exclusively a cereal of the north is oats. We here regard it as the proper food of horses; but if oats were to be suddenly exterminated from the world, comparatively few horses would have a right to complain of the loss. The fleet coursers of Arabia, as well as most of the hotter parts of

the world, have never, in all probability, tasted a blade of the northern cereal.

Taken altogether, I am disposed to think we may consider wheat as the most important of the bread-making grains. By the staff of life which it yields, all the most civilized nations of the earth are fed; and the bread resulting from it is so superior, that people having been once accustomed to it cannot relish any other sort equally well. Still, amongst the cereal grains, wheat does not contribute to feed the greatest number of people. In this respect rice takes the lead, as the reader will be prepared to understand when he remembers that rice is the staple cereal food of the Chinese, of the inhabitants of the southern parts of the United States, and of Hindostan; not to mention the rice-eating predilections of Spaniards, Turks, Egyptians, and Italians.

As a general rule it may be laid down, that where the vine flourishes most luxuriantly, wheat grows best. Perhaps some English farmer may be inclined to point to the yellow crops of his own wheat-fields, and ask me whether I thought grapes would flourish there. No; and depend upon it, too, our English wheat, good though it be, is not so good as wheat the produce of more genial climates. By judgment and careful agriculture we accomplish a great deal, but climate is beyond our control. The English farmer would be little satisfied with his own wheat, if he could see the luxurious specimens grown in Castile, or the cooler parts of Andalusia.

When, on travelling north or south, wheat's favourite companion, "the vine," finds the colds or damps prejudicial to its delicate susceptibilities, and the two part company, wheat forms an acquaintanceship with a humble neighbour of its own race, another cereal grain—it gets up a friendship for rye; the two come together, and travel in company, to the farthest limits north at which the growth of wheat is possible.

There is a zone or belt, and a large one too, in which the queen of cereal grains is found in companionship with the vine, but two other favourites as well—with rice and Indian corn, otherwise called maize. Persia, Northern India, Arabia, and Egypt are all within this belt. So are Italy, the extreme south of Spain, Barbary, and the Canary Islands. In all these regions rye, the travelling associate of wheat in the extreme north, seems disinclined to part company. Nevertheless, it is little tolerant of heat, and only manages to hold its own by keeping at a goodly distance away on the hills, where the night dews are heavy, and the days are cold.

Notwithstanding the great climatic endurance of wheat, it may be considered essentially the cereal fruit *par excellence* of the temperate zone. In the hotter parts of the torrid zone it will not grow at all; and although in the cooler portions of the same it both grows and is excellent, yet two other grains, maize and rice, are, to the inhabitants of the torrid regions, what wheat is to us. The growth of rice, however, is narrowed by conditions unfavourable to the health of many varieties of the human race. Rice is a veritable water-plant. Mere heat will not content it: it requires to be flooded. Now heat and moisture, simultaneously in operation, are conditions so unfavour-

able to human health, that many regions, perfectly competent to the growth of rice, and which did grow it, have abandoned that crop, owing to the extreme ill effects resulting to the population in consequence of its culture.

It must not be imagined that in speaking of oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, rice, maize, and wheat, all the cereal grains have been placed in my list. By no means. Were it so, tropical regions might seem ill provided for, notwithstanding their maize and their rice; for the latter, as we have seen, will only grow in marshy land, and maize is not the very best of bread-making materials. The fact is, that in addition to the cereal grains, well known to everybody, by name at least, there are numerous others; the names of a few rather unfamiliar, whilst others, so little known are they, continue to be designated by their uncouth native appellations, or by the scarcely less uncouth (to popular ears) appellations of the botanist. Travellers in Abyssinia frequently mention the names of "taff" and "tocusso"; they correspond each to an Abyssinian cereal grain. German millet, too, is really a cereal grain, a sort of corn, and so is canary seed.

But deficiency of wheat is not alone made up to the denizens of hotter climes by grain-bearing grasses. The teeming luxuriance of the vegetable world gives them other substitutes from different vegetable species. The *jatropha* manihot, an extremely poisonous tree, yields tapioca. Then there are sago, palms and yams, bread-fruit trees, and several edible roots, all more or less adapted to stand in the place of bread.

It is not a little singular, as regards the history of wheat, barley, and oats, three of our most important cereal grains, that we know not whence they originally came. America is the native land of maize, and Asia of rice; but we do not know what part of the world is to be considered the native land of wheat. The opinion has been advocated by certain botanists, that all three were inferior grasses originally, which, growing into importance by cultivation, and becoming improved, never again degenerated. Supposing this botanical speculation to be borne out, it will add to, rather than detract from, the mystery which hangs over the origin of wheat, barley, and oats.

MISSIONS AND PRIVATEERING.

THE hero of the following well-authenticated incident is still living. A privateer from this country captured a merchant ship off Cardigan, Wales, in St. George's Channel. The commander boarded his prize, and when in the cabin saw a little box with a hole in the lid, in a prominent position. Suspecting its design, he said to the captain, "What is this?" pointing with his cane to the box. The pious Cambrian replied, "I and my poor fellows have been accustomed every Monday to drop a penny each into that box for the purpose of sending men to preach the gospel to the heathen; but it is all over now." "Ah!" said the commander, "that is very good;" and after pausing a few minutes, added, "Captain, I will not touch a hair of your head, nor injure your vessel." The topsails were swung round, the sails filled to the breeze, the free vessel bounded gladly on her voyage, and when the privateer was a fading speck on the horizontal wave, the happy crew thanked God for a missionary box. And we may safely infer it was well

replenished at the period of the next annual payment. —*American Watchman and Recorder.*

DAILY BLESSINGS.

DAILY blessings, direct from the Lord's own hand, are so numerous, and so constantly and regularly supplied, that we forget that they are daily, hourly gifts from the Lord's mercy. We live. He gives us life. We breathe—and every instant breathe the air that God alone can form. "He formed the earth and made it" for our abode. He forms our food, and "gives us water of the rain of heaven." Without all these we could not be. Were he to withhold either, we should perish. He gives the days and seasons in their order, and all for us. If the Lord should sometimes forget us as we forget him; if he should forget to make the sun rise as often as we forget to thank him for its light; if he should forget to send the shower, and make the grass to grow, and the harvests to ripen, as often as we forget that they are his gifts to us, the last woe would be accomplished upon a thankless world. We forget to read his word, forget to pray to him, forget to keep his commandments, forget to teach our children by precept and example to worship and obey him, forget at meals to thank him for our daily bread, forget his Sabbaths, are tardy and habitually behind time in assembling at his house for Sabbath worship, forget to love him, and to deal justly with our fellow-men, and then are discontented and half-angry if we do not receive at his hand all that our vain wishes crave. Were the Lord to deal by us as we deal by him, and by each other, how little should we have! We receive our "daily bread," only because "his mercy endureth for ever."

The fact that the Lord in his mercy operates by means obscures our vision to the fact that he operates at all. And yet I doubt—if every morning bread and fruits and choicest dishes dropped down from heaven on our tables—if then we would for any length of time think of them as the Lord's gifts. A few days, and it would be an old story—a common thing—expected as a matter of course. Is our daily bread less the direct gift of the Lord to us because his mercy gives it as a reward to industry? He formed the bed of the mould, he gave the seed, he gives the sun to warm, and the shower to fructify. He is the great chemist who formed the universe a mighty laboratory, wherein to work the wondrous changes we behold. Is he less God, and less our God, and less the giver of our daily bread, because he forms it for us before our eyes, and allows our aid in doing it? Does he less give the luscious fruit, because he allows the tree to grow and blossom, and bear its rich burthen within our garden, to bless our eyes with its beauty? Is bread the less his gift because he lets it grow in our fields, to adorn the earth and beautify the landscape with its green glades and golden waves? Did you ever think how desolate the world would be if God formed all our food and clothes in heaven and hung them in our wardrobe, or dropped our food every morning, ready cooked, upon our tables? No green fields, no fruitful trees, no flocks, no herds! A bald and barren desert would meet our deadened sense on every side! How pleased are children, and how grateful to their teacher, when he invites them to his study, his museum, or his laboratory, and exhibits to them his experiments in chemistry; and how proud and pleased the boy who may be permitted to assist in some of the more easy and simple acts. Is he not more grateful for the honoured privilege? And yet how strange that men complain because the God of chemistry works out his wonders before their eyes, and honours them by giving them some easy parts to do. —*New York Messenger.*

Varieties.

MANUFACTURE OF WALLOSIN OR ARTIFICIAL WHALEBONE.—The "New York Post" thus describes the manner of converting rattan into wallasin or artificial whalebone, as practised in that city:—"The large bundles of rattan, as imported, are first sorted, cut into strips of proper length, straightened, trimmed, and divested of the outer hard and brittle coating or bark. This is done by the aid of ingenious machinery. The rattan is next steamed, and then thoroughly dried in a furnace or drying-room, at a temperature of 180 degrees, when it becomes ready for the impregnating process. It is then placed in large, strong cylinders, perfectly air-tight, and all the air is pumped out, leaving a perfect vacuum in each and every cavity and pore of the rattan. A stop-cock is then turned, which admits into the cylinder a stream of dark liquid, the composition of which is a secret, although the principal ingredient appears to be gum shellac. After the cylinder is full, a force-pump is applied, and continued in operation until the pressure of the liquid upon the cylinder, and, of course, upon the rattan within, amounts to fifteen atmospheric pressures, or 210 pounds to the square inch. It is then considered certain that the rattan is thoroughly impregnated in every pore. The rattan has now changed its character, and become hardly distinguishable from the best quality of whalebone, except that it is somewhat more elastic, and less liable to splinter and break. It has gained 100 per cent. in weight by impregnation. After being removed from the cylinders or impregnators, but little remains to be done in the way of drying, polishing, and fitting the ends, etc., to prepare it for use for umbrellas, parasols, canes, etc., and other purposes. In 1855 Velle-mann, Salomon, and Co. first heard of the manufacture of wallasin, and one of the firm went to Europe, and saw the process of manufacture at Meissen. They purchased the patent for the United States, and it was registered at the Patent-office, November 27, 1855. They spent about a year in experimenting and making sundry improvements, and about the 1st of January last commenced the manufacture of wallasin. By working night and day they turn out about 18,000 umbrella frames per week, and the demand fully keeps pace with the supply; and they will be compelled to build another factory soon, in order to supply the increasing demand for wallasin, which is said to be superior to anything else for ladies' hoop-skirts, now so widely in vogue."

CONSUMPTION OF TEA AND SUGAR.—Accounts relating to the consumption of tea and sugar in the United Kingdom were lately issued, in the form of a return, printed by order of the House of Commons. These accounts go back to the beginning of the present century, and they show a steady increase of consumption in nearly an exact ratio with the progressive decrease of duty. In the period of fourteen years, between 1801 and 1814, the average rate of duty on sugar being 26s. 2d. a cwt., the total quantity consumed was 2,847,519 cwt., or 11lbs. 7oz. for each individual of the population. From 1814 to 1844, the duty did not much vary. In the latter year it stood at 25s. 2d., and the consumption was only 16lbs. 5oz. a-head of the population. From 1845 to 1849, the average duty was 14s. 6d., and the consumption rose to an annual average of 5,614,057 cwt. or for each individual 22lbs. 8oz. From 1850 to 1854, with the duty at 11s. 6d., the consumption stood at 29lbs. 10z. a-head; in 1855, the duty was 13s. 5d. and the consumption of each individual was 30lbs. 5oz.; and in 1856, with the duty at 14s. 6d. (raised by the war), the consumption fell off, being 7,071,535 cwt., or an average of 28lbs. 2oz. a-head of the population. With respect to tea, the consumption last year was 63,278,212lbs., giving, on an average, to each individual of the population, 2lbs. 4ozs., the duty being 1s. 9d. In 1810, when the duty was 2s. 11½d., the consumption a-head was 1lb. 6ozs.; and in 1850, with the duty at 2s. 2½d. the consumption was 1lb. 14ozs. Coffee may be said to have been introduced as an article of consumption during the present century. In the period from 1801 to 1804, little more than a million pounds were consumed annually, or about one ounce to each individual. By the year 1840, the consumption had arisen to 1lb. per head; and, last year, 3f,995,954lbs. were entered

for consumption, giving an average of 1lb. 4ozs. to each person.

INDUSTRY OF HANDEL.—On his return from the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, while still convalescent from a paralytic attack, his labours comprised the following:—Commencement of "Faramondo," 15th Nov.; end of the first act, 28th of ditto; end of the 2nd act, 4th Dec.; commencement of "Funeral Anthem," 7th Dec.; end of the same, 12th of ditto; end of the 3rd act of "Faramondo" on the 24th of ditto; commencement of "Xerxes" on the 26th of ditto. During ten years, when he was from 56 to 66 years of age, and in the midst of troubles attendant on two failures, Handel wrote thirteen oratorios, besides "Semele," "Choice of Hercules," "Dettingen Te Deum," and "Anthem," several chamber duets, and a great deal of instrumental music; without mentioning his journey to Ireland, which occupied nine months, or the time consumed in mounting and producing each work, every performance of which he conducted in person. When we remember what an oratorio is, that epic of music, can we fail to be astonished at the spectacle of an old man who sometimes wrote one, and sometimes two such works in a year? He composed one after another, almost without breaking the chain of continuity—the "Messiah" in twenty-three days, and "Samson" in thirty or thirty-five! The "Messiah" was completed on the 12th of September, and "Samson" taken in hand on the 21st. "Saul" was finished on the 27th of September, and "Israel" commenced on the 1st of October.—"*Life of Handel*," by V. Schelcher.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN INDIA.—During the night, in the month of May, it is impossible to sleep with closed windows, and nearly as impossible to do so with open ones. Thus, sleep is almost hopeless. The beasts, the birds, the insects, the reptiles, appear to join in one universal tumult, and even human beings seem to take very little repose. In a temple not far off a priest is beating a drum, and, I conclude, invoking the help of some god or goddess. When the drumming ceases I sink into a doze, but to be again roused by howling jackals, tearing over the flats in pursuit of prey, by the hooting of the "night hawk," (as it is called here, though it is, in fact, a screech owl,) then by the deep-toned note of an enormous frog, mingled with the "chip, chip" of many a grasshopper, and about daylight a lively bird, anxious "to be up and doing," begins a merry chirp, or a crow with his very vulgar "caw, caw," destroys all hopes of rest. At last, as day dawns, I see, outside the bed, those little greedy mosquitoes clinging to the curtains, and staring at me, thinking how good I should be; and I rise, weary and but little refreshed, to go to the launch of a ship at the dockyard, in the fort.—"*Chow-Chow*; being *Selections from a Journal*," by the Viscountess Falkland.

ADVERTISING 142 YEARS AGO.—The "Stamford Mercury" republishes the following amongst other curious advertisements, which appeared in its columns in the years 1715-16:—

"At Great Wigston, near Leicester, is to be Lett, a Farm, a very good Penniworth, with or without all manner of Utensils belonging to Husbandry, likewise a convenient House in good Repair, also a large Homestead, Barns, Malting Office, Dovecot, Fish Pond, Orchard, and Garden. Enquire at the More House in Wigston aforesaid, or of Francis Edwards, the Messenger that carries the News from Stamford to Litchfield. N.B. A Crop of standing Corn in the Fields of Great Wigston is to be Sold on the Ground. A very good Penniworth. Enquire as above said, and be farther satisfied."

ANECDOTE OF SWARTZ.—Swartz, the missionary, one day met a Hindoo dancing-master with his female pupil, and told them that no unholy persons shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Alas! sir," said the poor girl, "in that case hardly any European will ever enter it"—and passed on.

ORIGIN OF EVIL.—"Many," says Newton, "have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it; and with this I begin and end."